

Each one of us in his own world
all of us being alone together

Each of us can not exist and live other than in an own world,
small or big it may seem, more or less limited it might be...

Acquiring consciousness from my contextuality to myself is nothing else
but dynamics of empathic movements, imaginations and images,
discovery and recognition of the diversities of myself and of "other than me",
proximity, distance, views indeed emotional before than logical,
moods of discovering, coming into contact, creating bonds,
consolidation of individuality in the contradiction of a personal space
only conceivable in the sharing of correlations and relationships

Through my life
among echoes of me

In human echolocation - physical as well as mental - where my rationality
does not yet reach, my imagination will take over,
not equipped as we are with structures suitable for fully listening to and recognizing
the so-called "reality", that physical and social environment that
surrounds me, embraces me its integral part, me its creator and product of at the same time

Like bats and dolphins to perceive and identify the environment
I use my "hisses, whistles and trills", signals of myself reflecting back on me
deformed by "other than me", thus helping me to associate them with
and then to recognize the source of interference, thus enriching me with "extraneity"

Nevertheless this biosonar process of echolocation and echorecognition
is always based on my "voice", my personal sound,
unique to cross my senses, to create my reactions, thoughts,
behaviors, lighting the innate darkness of my colors

This uninterrupted series of signals and echoes of me are not species-specific
on the contrary, they have incopiable characteristics, more or less wide range of action,
timbre, unique timing and intensity, that make me feel,
yes, but "my way", they indeed capable of estimating distances and measuring time,
reconstructing shape and substance, but of a my very egocentric universe
that will remain all through subjectively my own image of reality,
well compacted within the horizons of my soap bubble

Rationality itself can only apparently prove being similar

to that of others than me, because they are my emotional filters
to personalize it inevitably, probing materiality and
immateriality with a sensitivity that can remain a lot
below or go way beyond the ability of other people

The production, propagation and reception of "emissions and receptions
of me as energy" will follow the rhythm of the breath of my spirit,
they will mate without even me wanting or noticing it
to the linearity or complexity of my flight, they will synchronize
at the beating frequency of the wings of my thinking, and I
to my truth will remain faithful, I will build and flee, I will dream and curse
tiring us, I will create my myths, my gods as my demons

Invincibly suicidal I walk through my life among echoes of me, of me only me, I alone,
I being my dimensions and limits, my alpha and omega, I - eternal for a flashing moment